COPPER CHILD

POEMS

New Edition

Emma Mnaya-Buzy

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Gratitude

In 1999, words came wobbling towards me, planted their grain, and now sprout voluntarily from a small feeble root, thus commencing my safari to the land of words. This partial migration has been a source of energy, constant inspiration and pleasure. Closely knit to this source is the highest frequency of all, LOVE. Gratitude to generous individuals who continue to positively influence the world we live in through their various visionary contributions.

Hearts of Steel

So small the child
that hunger stains,

Its swollen pain
for help extends,

persistent knocks
on hearts of steel
calloused a pearly
laughter peal.

Congested hurt
glues cheeks inflamed,
small arms stretch out
deep wails exclaim,
a question mark
to minds well groomed
an extinguished life,
a childhood doomed.
Corruption breeds,
its branches wide
hails and reaps,

outrageous rides,
its bounty hides.
Upon silk sheets,
champagne it greets,
the estate a village
a local treat,
In vain it seeks
to death defeat
ten lives compete.

An ageless whine,
superbly poor,
pale rhyme I fling,
lacking contour,
to hearts of steel
I aim this tour,
a wishful cure.

Dancing Giggles

An ex-colonial house sat in the corner
of an African suburb,
Its Germanic facade assimilates
the disorder that engulfed it.
Around the ruin, children played an ancient game,
their pounding bare feet,
pressing dimples in the moist soil.

Giggles chased the current inhabitants
of the retired chimney, their feathers, a colour explosion.
An old green shutter became young Charo's ladder
and the rusty tap, a musical instrument.

The carved woodwork that once represented a heritage
became a rainy day's warming fire, and the ailing mama's
footrest, the windows like toothless gums, an unpunctual
weather forecaster.
Another sunset arrived,
dancing giggles were replaced by the cricket's song.

Copper Child

On the white sand, a copper child was building her world.
Her small hands heaped up the wet sand into tiny kingdoms.

The sun rays played with her hair,
creating a mass of gold and copper playmates.

The waves flowed into a thin lace of white ankle chains
and danced with her outstretched feet,
her small hands formed tiny kingdoms in the wet sand.

Such a minute part of everything, yet, she is everything,
the greatest, the most precious.

As the sun continued to pay tribute to the copper child,
the frothy white lace slowly retreated into the sea.

In her dream
butterflies
bloomed
then sailed
with the wind.

The Ocean's Hug

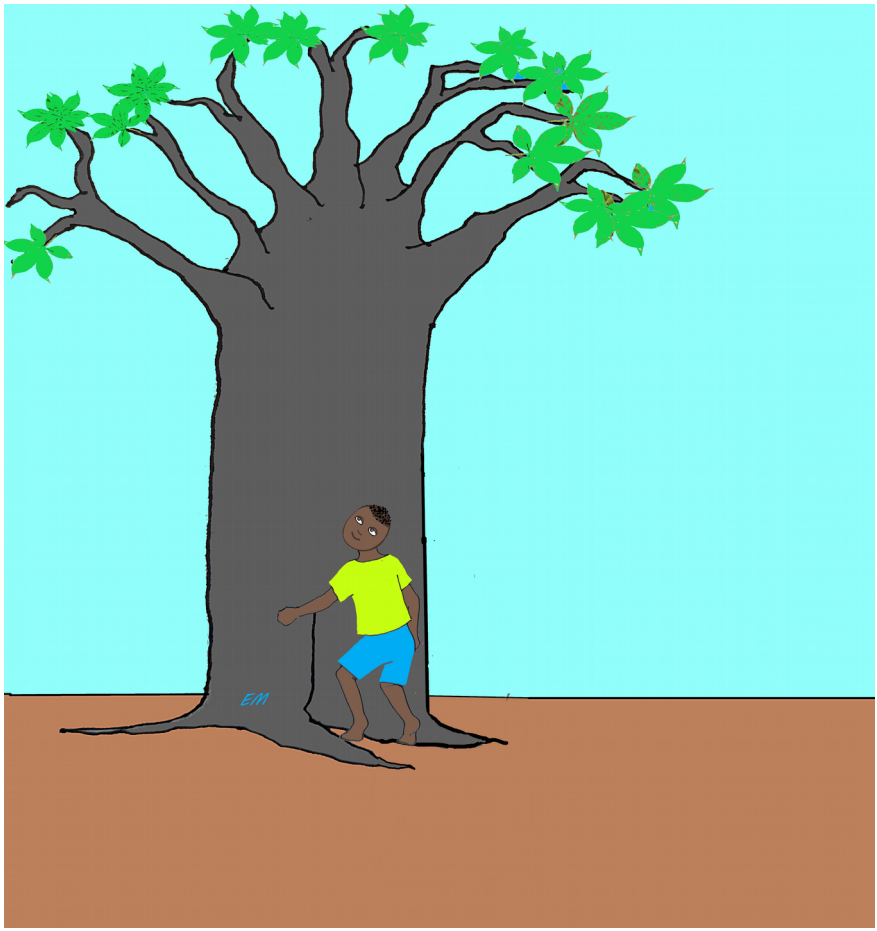
The Indian Ocean always hugs me,
Oh, how warmly, tightly hugs me,
So I whispered to her clear
I will treasure all her dears.

A vast home for countless fins,
Gills and tails with jagged trims,
Creatures known, unknown and gone,
Simple minds ignore the count,

I will stand with willing folk,
Those who hear the ocean's croak.
We might form a noisy ring,
Sing a tube or wreck a thing,

So when next you care to dive,
Bear in mind "the sea's alive,"
And that hug that you ignore,
Is a welcome to her door.

MY FRIEND THE TREE



My Friend The Tree

A cosy spot
I've found for me,
a lovely shade
under this tree.

I need not seek,
in towns that score
with trains and planes
at hours score,

I found a nest,
knit just for me,
the grass beneath
all green and clean

Sorrow, pain,
storms at sea?
My friend the tree
must live to see.

The Small Hill

A little girl fell asleep on a small hill,
her limbs pointing in opposite directions
with her palms curled inwards.

Tufts of grass and red soil, a patchwork
of colour around her.
A spotted kitten stopped pouncing on a brown beetle,
became a ball of fur against the small hip.

A bare-bottomed toddler sucking his thumb,
dropped to the ground,
gazing at a procession of tiny red ants.

A fleet of migrating birds flew over the small hill,
their pale bellies,
a rising white arrow in the blue sky,

The toddler clapped his pudgy hands with glee.
The kitten yawned, stretched, and rolled away.

A Blossom For Lightness

An elongated cypress box
the size of a seven-year-old
stretching proudly, lay exposed
to the passive, cloudy sky.
The colourful multitude of bowed heads
released soft hymns, their rise and fall
Temporarily enveloped the air in gentle waves.
Cascading purple bougainvillea blossoms
almost caressed the cypress box, whispering
soothing sounds and vows of companionship.
A mob of dragonflies darted here and there,
enjoying their high season and the warmth
the kanga congregation exuded.
Weary hands waved them away
as the preacher's last blessings
fell like a power cut.
The crowd receded while the dragonflies lingered on.
Their wings reflect miniature rainbows
On the hand-woven wreath leaning protectively
against the small, crudely carved wooded cross.
Beloved Lightness
September 23rd 1993 -April 5th 2000

Cool Coconut Water

The sun fingers my face
while the Indian Ocean sprays
its essence upon my tangled hair.

Children dash here and there
squeezing laughter, others taunt
a "demented" man, his cries
an unusual song, his wide skirt
of empty tins jangling loudly
around his wizened frame.
In the shade, oozing coconut water dripping
down my chin on a hot, humid green day.
Mzee Nyeri's swift stride,
a basket of fresh peas dressing his naked head,
his sales song drowns as the hours
rush towards high noon.
The open fish market by the ferry,
sprinkled with pale silver arched bellies,
and brave squid painting black
the fisherman's working hands.
In the shade, oozing coconut water dripping
Down my chin on a hot, humid green day.

The Source

Instinctively, subconsciously
the earthly phenomenon you are,
triggered the source.

The pulsing stream of emotions,
which find their way onto a sober,
receptive, blank page.

To overestimate their value
maybe naive, but the scale is fair
and my pulse does not lie.

The creature that tore away
the obstacle from the source,
deprived of due credit.

Erect shafts of maize
in my awakening field,
stand green and proud
where your continuous trail,
calmly sweeps through.

Morning Rays

Morning awakes
sun arrows spear a drowsy mind,
daylight clings, yesterday's dry dreams
dent a fluffy pillow at rest.

Crawling vehicles navigate
centipedes and articulating caterpillars,
exhaust and multi-coloured sheen.

Agitated pedestrians quiver, Jelly detaching
a chilled silicone mould.
A day is born,
bare feet stretch, wriggling toes
welcome fresh wandering sun rays,
Diced fresh cucumber,
balsamic trickles a pool of dark sweetness,
stripped orange crescents,
gay smiles and ground coffee beans
perform a morning ritual.
In the west, a clock chimes,
sirens declare persistence,
two pointers indicate an illusionary slice of time.

Lesser Light

The blanket of night
bids Sunday farewell,
And silence stalks,
The sole heir of lesser light.

Creatures of the dark
manifest their existence,
challenging the sweetness of calm.

A bright moon lights a passage
across the crescent of opaque ocean
and coconut trees fan the impressive aisle.

A chorus of howling dogs abruptly ends
And the summons for early
prayer faithfully reaches its peak.

Swaying importantly, a young rooster
prepares to chase the evaporating night.

My Masai Blanket

I softly tread on daylight streaks,
turbaned afro, wrapped up deep,
through eyes' windows, tropics speak,
dark rainforests, tree trunks keep.

Far off mountain high and steep,
snow once glazed your highest peaks,
with such thoughts, a cold wind creeps
hugging close my woollen heap.

In a dream, a time unknown,
stands a nomad, tall and true
lean his stance, his crane, his mane
draped he was in a colour blue.

Masai blanket, to you I sing,
your red shades and vivid greens,
through vast plains leap lion kings,
Zebras graze near peaceful streams.

Inspired by photograpgh in Faces of Africa
by photograpghers Carol Beckwith and Angela
Fisher.
EM.

My Masai blanket
I'm warm, I glow inside,
I see far-stretching grassland
where a nomad's space resides.

Near me, blue silver waters,
Grand ocean, old and wise,
so close, star-studded skylights
Where heartbeats fuse then glide;

Cocooned, the tide takes pleasure
as children seek and hide,
with you, the thumb I treasured
As an infant wrapped with pride.
You know my favourite weather,
When thunder drums the skies,
with us thatch roofs forever,
palm wreaths, red earth that dries.
A cloak of flashing colour
Singing birds and rivers wide!
A shoulder proudly sways
as you swing and stories ride.

Mosquito

As I land on the horizon
of this smooth
ebony slope, I am a king.

My life is brief, yet I feed on blood to my fill,
like rice fields, my host is grand,

Shiny stalks sprout from pores that are my
wells of nourishment,
I amplify my tune around my gracious host
my efforts are chased by a feverish,
deathly applause.
I hum my mourning tune before I plunge my
needle deeper and deeper,
Invading the wells of red sap
extracting fragments,
an ancestor's dark brown eyes,
the fiery temper of another.

Bloated beyond recognition,
I move on, drunk from a vein offering,
I carry within my tiny frame,
the end of a lineage.

Homeless By Her Side

Summers did not count,
the winters she vividly recalled.
A labyrinth of fused hard times,
the summary of her fate.

Stratum upon a stratum of built-up hope,
Breaking into a pile of colourless misery.
Pain, her dragging limp exclaimed.

Anonymous and animosity,
live clones that struck like venom,
tagging at her sane heel like a faithful puppy.

By her side, her faithful bastard stayed,
his tangled coat, a generous host
for ungracious settlers.

licking the crumbs off her tired hands,
Fidel's eyes poured her stories of better days,
The love he bore the sagging face
A prize of unlimited dimensions.

Against her close, the old companion she bound.

Sheltered in a Gray coat
that many an unfair battle had fought.

Next to his mistress, his last winter's breath
by her close, he would remain.
A loss beyond time, she willed its swift decline.

Sing Old Drum

Submerged in heavy silence,
a vacuum of intense solitude,

I long for the vibrating drum,
it's hollow shouting out to be heard,
the dry skin taught on its surface,
yearning for the dazed drummer's hand,

Sing old drum of the forefathers,
lose my gloom in your call,
strike with your passionate frenzy,
free the blank from my soul.

Let talking feet lift dust in your honour,
while the night sails like a dhow, gentle winds.

Let the moon be detained in a corner,
till clinging dew drops,
Join shuddering limbs in your praise.

Her Voice Is Gold

Her deadlocks swing in fabric precious,
she stands, a sculpture, the nomads she echoes.

Her song pours tones in shades so vibrant,
from dusk to dawn, a jazzy crooning,
her voice extends, a solo flowing,

Our legend, our beauty, a musician is glowing,
the world behold, a voice of gold!

Light Has Dawned

A blind man beholds the moon.
A lion's appetite pacifies his feline
conquest.

Lovers stroll, entwined in selfless plight,
darkness is sheared, envy
vanishes and vexation propels
shades of blue to a tangy nectarine.

Doors burst, and sane men succumb
to a wild frenzy, their nude minds
scald the brave insane.

Light has dawned,
an early cacophony smothers the night shift,
shutters spread to the arousal.
Gemini genders embrace,

dissolving the silky darkness,
Phosphorous sculptures
In streaks of quivering light.

Exquisite Unthinkable

To unlove you is unthinkable,
to unthink you, impossible
It would mean denying roots
the urge to reach out for survival,
to branch out distortedly for life.

You are to me what I am to you,
a necessity, a vice-like grip for
what is.... invisible reality?
You brought me a handful of love
and poured it into my cupped
hands, I had to lift them to my
breast for it kept overflowing,

It flowed into an exquisite gown;
you held me so close to you,
there was no longer you nor I
nor day nor night,

But your beautiful eyes tugging
at my throbbing soul,
loving me endlessly.

Boxed in

I feel like shattered glass,
fragments all over, sharp
and threatening.
I feel like a cornered bird
with a broken wing,
totally vulnerable, cold
and scared.
I am in a cage, progressively
closing in minute by minute,
second by screeching second
To cry out for help will only
bring about confusion
and incredulity for my cry
is loud with frenzy but devoid
of sound.
The anguish, the torture,
the pain is a small price
to pay for ultimate freedom,
means nothingness, emptiness.
A never-ending promenade in
a harsh icy wilderness
veiled by the dark sadness
of the wailing widow.

The Love Bug

Be it madness to lust for love.
To be enchained by its charm,
lulled in its fine fabric,
cocooned in a fragrant downy
warmth then, drowned in wild passion.

She lays slain by love's sword
maimed beyond repair.
A nightmare that knows no end.
Confusion and doubt haunt her
in a vicious circle.

In vain, she seeks their dreamy shade.
Anti-clockwise she turns, stopping
the motion
Her fall is broken by uncertainly,
balance gained by he loves her,
loves her not.
Her heart pounds with anguish.
resenting Cupid's pass time,
the follies of a love song,
words lacking flavour, green with
the young seed.

She loathes Spring the reminder of
rebirth, the rainy season
with its consequent blooms.

May Valentine's be hailed doom's day,
and the scarlet heart bear a black band.
Let not young hearts yearn for the sting
of the love bug, but the gift of love.

Persistent Breeze

You came to me from years gone by
unwrapped you did, my present.
I know not how I sang afore now
nor that my shy smile was ever so fine,

I dance alone with the thought of you,
A dainty glass held high.
Your face amongst that cloud I see
your voice is this persistent breeze.

The days awaiting my continual
mirth will be a non-exhausting
swirling of my skirts.
Dancing with a memory so true,
the past comes to join the present.

To Soar Again

Involuntarily, a muffed sigh escaped,
as the liquid pearls rolled shyly
to be trapped upon trembling lips.

Before her cloudy gaze,
that so treasured familiar gait,
to ashes turned her long, empty nights.

Forward her shaky knees proceeded,
outstretched arms, like vulnerable
claws waved hysterically.
The bag she chocked
under her arm, for fear of pick-pockets,
lay abandoned on the pavement
momentarily orphaned and bruised.

The embrace was violent/gentle, fierce/
tender, healing, all-knowing,
multi-dimensional.

Weak knees found strength as they
learned to walk again,
to run again and to soar…..again.

Presence Sweet

How your presence sweet
does tear at my hungry
heart.
But a handful of your warm
kisses will fill to the brim
my thirsty soul,

and cause me not so restless
turn at the never-approaching,
awakening dawn.

But grant me that extra hour
before the cock does crow,
to contemplate your fairness
dark and reward my upturned
mind with weightless bliss.

Until your presence, sweet
may cause my tired lids to
softly fall.

A Serengeti For The Lady

A bubbling crowd, loud music, and violent laughter,
Screaming lights and persistent nudging close in.
A single woman escapes unmarked.
"A Serengeti for the lady?"
The warmth of the high stool is vaguely familiar.
"May I have this dance?"
The barman's swirling floss polishing a floor,
a unique stand for the tall chilled glass
filled with its golden liquid and cushion of white froth,
The thin rim of coated frost brought a cool breeze
ventilating the hot flush on her glistening face.
A top beat blasts the hush.
Rushing hips and arms flung high to worship
The DJ's premonition.
The glasses stand in a queue,
obediently respectively, awaiting their turn
to be sipped thirstily by the steaming disco worshippers.
A door opens, and the night stretches for a second.
The heavy smoke softly objects, then drifts away
Smothering the bubbling crowd,
moving to the rhythm of the flashing lights.

Afro Blooming

Ô mirror praise this afro cheering,
A rigid bounce, fair maze endearing,
No corn rows nor sheer plaits for caring,
A sphere, a planet, the moon at night.

The sun evokes blazing glory, Its
rays arch wide, a circle showing,
My Afro bloom is life exploring,
I gather tight.

The gown I crown, a painting pouring,
My hair extends, an afro crooning,
the face it frames, a sculptor touring
I embrace the light.

My love alights, a dance he's throwing,
I move, I sway, his touch imploring,
Our hearts unite
Like wings, they flutter,
Our love takes flight.

My life's delight, my song most precious
By him, my sights

Are more than gracious
Upon his arm, my pride's contagious,
Our time is right.

We glide the skies, by stars we're soaring,
By candlelight, my afro's glowing
The night departs,
A morn is crowing
As day alights.

Afro Blooming

Enchanted Maturity

Eternal youth so fertile surges forth,
enchanting and shocking matured years.
It's contagious, inviting vigour knows no limit,
bubbles most high.

Dynamically propels forward bright lights
and amplified sounds orchestrated by wriggling
forms at midnight. Scarlet lips and platinum hair
highlight sharp profiles and dazzling smiles.

A gnarled kid glove is tickled by the spark.
Time misplaced, swinging knees follow the twist
and wobbling ones, the Charleston.
Bell bottoms and platform shoes, a step
ahead of their time.

Sneaked kisses in the dark,
a profusion of fireworks,
laughter and tears.

Warming by the fireplace
maturity glows, enchanted.

A Tribute To Baba

The imminent departure of a parent we love.
A parent whose shoulder our small heads
Once reposed.
Tiny fingers wrapped tight his index so strong,
And giggled so when a warm touch
those toothless gums exposed.
In his arms, a comfy bundle we lay, when
Sleep exhausts our bodies small.
When fear irrupted, he stood brave,
gathered us all on his shoulder mighty.
Fear escaped, shy and skimpy,
Ten feet high, we skipped and shone.
His love never waned;
his strength forever near.
Pain grips my chest, and rain soaks my
Trembling chin; eyelashes cling in mourning,
And the sun escapes to places unknown.
Grief veils the horizon, wisdom predicting.
A parent has departed, and sorrow escorts
A childhood blessed.

Frederick John Mnaya
July 1933- February 2002

Empty Corridor

Yes, Physical pain
a soothing balm in comparison.
The echoes of times so gay along
an empty corridor.

The creaking staircase, wedded by
cobwebs as stained windows,
strain against the pleasant wind.

Yes, physical pain is a salve in comparison.
A garden exempted from compassion,
A gentle hand on the wild hedge,
in-growth on a carelessly tended beard.

The gate closed to warmer places,
stubbornly remains shut,
guarding its empty corridor with echoes
of times so gay.

The Veil

Three women veiled in black
walked down a narrow path
towards a home that did not
belong to them.
Their faces, covered from
the nose down to the chin.
Their eyes cast to the ground,
as though obeying secret instructions
as they hurriedly walked towards
the home that was not their own.

Three crows flew above them,
shrieking a lament song.
A black cat crossed their path
and scurried under a weather-beaten
ladder, leaning on a sad wall, as they
marched on to the house at the end
of the earthy way,
a place that was never home.

A small child in a white shirt ran to
meet the women, followed by two arrogant,
agitated roosters, the woman in between

dropped to her knees and picked up the child,
yearning for the affection upon the woman's face,
the child pulled away the veil,
it floated to the ground, transformed
to shreds by the fowls engaging in a fight,
the spray of red, gold, and blue plumage,
crowning their agitated dance.

The unveiled woman brought her child to her face,
blocking away the great spiky black gate
that swallowed them whole, leaving behind a
screechy sound as the rusty bolt was noisily brought home.

Autumn Is Here

Vibrantly shedding its cheer,
Autumn is here,

The Oak and the Chestnut,
fling to the earth its yearly cure,

Migrating birds to sunny shores
and hibernators quite snug indoors!

Gold Leaves for wreaths,
great piles for children's play,
or swept to the side to honour a golden day.

Accompanied by vivid sound is the bride's step so light,
a background so colourful this season dares ignite.

Autumn remains a season like no other does it seem.
It transforms a dreary street into an impressionist's flaming dream.

Church Bells

A chill clasps my stagnant toe,
and autumn leaves sweep softly
my frosty breast.

The wind flaps airy wings,
curved church bells lurch,
their essence invading hidden
valleys, bracing monuments of stone.

Silent waters blush,
teasing a dancing moon,

Thirsty Cries

The sun scorched a sun dune
and the rain abandons
a thirsty choir sweeping vast fields.

Cool reptiles roam the desert,
their habitat spreads beyond the eye

A wanderer reminisces when
fearless floods puffed down
old stone walls.

Restless gatherings
rake shrunken crop farms,
yesterday a brave mud hut
lost its roof to an orange flame.

In the east, the sun,
a blazing red ball,
promises to grant a fiery return.

Cold Rain

By the window, he stood.
The panes, chambers in his
numbing soul.
Sleets of rain endlessly
falling, icicles deleting
inspiration, the invisible force,
a catalyst to motivation.
A shrub in the yard sagged under
the sheets of rain,
a prize for humming dry planes.
He covered his ears;
the sounds around him
were less demanding.
He watched as sunny memories
rode around in circles
then dissolved,
leaving a curiously lonely fragrance.
The pounding grew fainter
as the day stretched on forever.

The Orator

She stood magnificent,
Words wove a fabric of unequalled shimmer.
She paraded arrogantly, absent-mindedly,
energized by his murmurs of unlimited devotion.
His whispers expertly slay her doubts,
rocking confusion to her reason.
He wooed her thoughts, her fears, her pride
Spinning her, binding her,
erasing a reality that was.
An orator of a kind,
the Black Widow, lying in wake.
She wore his crown like a species yet to be discovered.
The orator's last praise fell like lost rain on a drying shaft.
His arrogant eye gleamed, admiring the
tresses of another and reality sheared away
the fabric that never was.

Hyena's Parade

The truth may hurt to the core
and leave your person sensitive and sore.

But a lie is a mask that tars,
when torn away, reveals
impressive scars.

The truth may pleasantly sting,
causing to sour turn a festive gathering.
But a lie gives you wings, just
before you leap to soar,
your wings, surprisingly,
are yours no more.

The hyena may parade as the
cheetah until her shrieking laughter
gives her away.

The wolf observes the full
moon forgets to howl
and beats to his utter dismay.

Victorious

Power, the supreme intoxicator, enslave passivity!
Extinct the fiery mistress whose claws claim
his most treasured senses.
The ladder that leads to the height of her skirts,
ornate by Klimt, whirling euphorically like the
Tower of Babel, beckoning him,
depriving his nights the visit of my timid aura.
Ambition, so she is named,
but "witch" drapes her well.
Her peaks, shaky and corrupted,
promise a throne, delirium,
a royal fly whisk and a headdress,
feathered by the sighs of the defeated.
Her bosom she slowly reveals, omitting the crucial morning after.
Would dangling about her golden chain ease his obsession?
Would a scream, a sacrifice, loosen her hold?
And the castle on that distant beach, the one be-
for the tide walked in, we built it together,
he and I, his wet hand over mine.
But his obsession is grander, his sand throne majestic.
The summit of my victorious hour
enfolds his celebrated refuge, his sanctuary, after the rise and fall.

The Carapace Of A Wandering Beetle

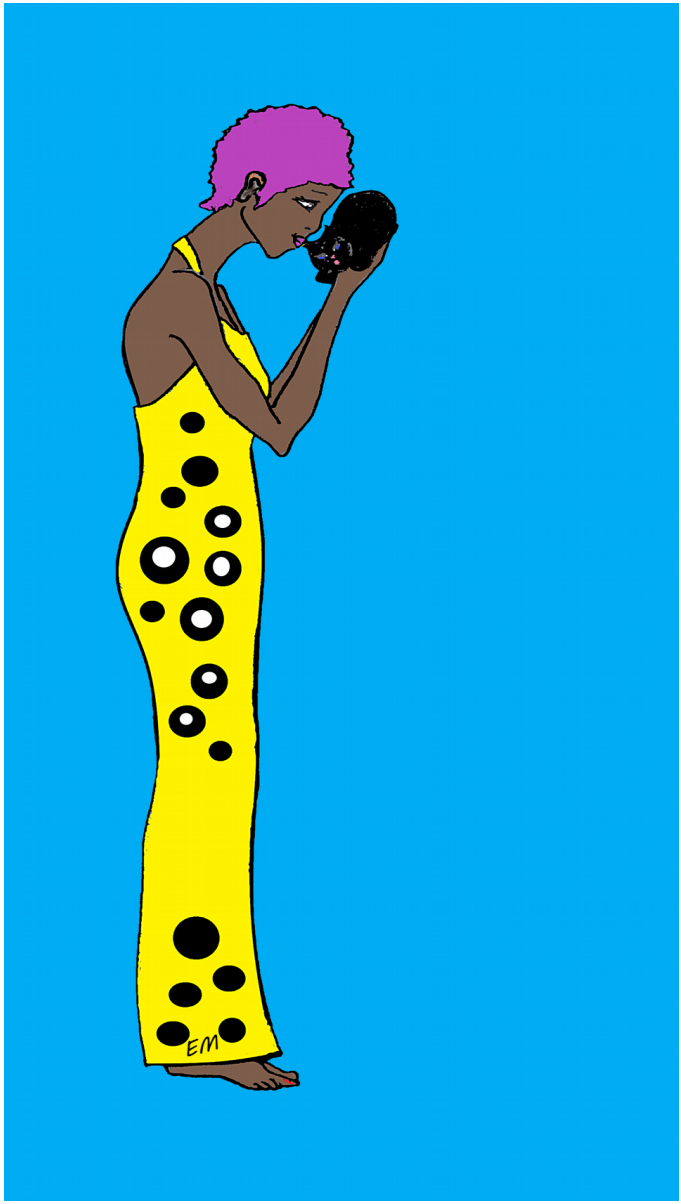
At the wheel of a red convertible
A woman in blue tussled the engine
to a reckless hundred and sixty,
her efforts were rewarded by effortless
momentum.
The dashboard gleamed, the carapace
of a wandering beetle.
The needle tangoed at a sharp curve
then settled to a slow sway,
a ballet, her blond streaks excelled.
Streams of hurt and joy embraced her
Flushed cheeks.
The elegant poise of loneliness cleared
her eyes for a spell, shock and betrayal
cuddled her dearly.
Exultation manoeuvred its way into a climax
of chilling euphoria.
The accelerator, abandoned by the warm
intercourse cooled suddenly,
Shear blue drapery drifted lightly, masking
The bent carapace of a wandering beetle.

Our Tickled Ways

Words are for us to express our minds,
Let us at once recline, unwind
Be gone corsets and manners of yore,
Collars that choke, bright laughter deplored.

Let words unmask our tickled ways,
Let them project, explore unchained,
Respect is due, with dance and a tear,
Achebe the great,
Shaban Robert a seer.

Greatness has been, will awe again,
Let’s not retreat to the past and refrain,
Words are for all to twist as clay,
Expression has forms diverse as day,
Complexity wanders, blunders and strays,
Simplicity calmly paves the way,
I hope my words are well conveyed
If they displease,
Mine they will stay.


EM

Floating Kanga

Drought and fright
eagerly disperse,
daylight blinds so
the naked, biased eye.
A teacup caresses
my floating kanga sleeve,
a fairy's trail beseeches
my bare, wandering
foot and pale petals
flake my narrow path.
Warm sawdust suppresses
the ample bust
chiselled by fate.
with floating kanga
a vigil is kept eternal.

Lead Me Not into Mourning

Lead me not into mourning
when that which I store deep
flutters youthful wings.
An illusion you make believe,
I glorify and behold, beyond
the essence of awaited birth.
Slay not the life within, the spark
and everlasting, a manger laced
With frosty breath and sweet hay
The jewel unravels.
You lead me into mourning
forcing my clenched fist
Scatter unsoiled fertile earth.

Baobabs Standing

A white canvas stands before me,
Unblinking, blinding,
Force demanding

Sunlight throws its piercing arrows,
Shadows fade, a life expanding.

I stall excited, anticipating,
A throb, a train of thought surrounding.
Pigments pure, my eyes amuse,
Ochre blues for skies transcending.

Dancing oceans I seek to see,
Crouching streets with trees
Outstanding.
Baobab towers, mangoes green,
Girls in kanga dresses pounding,

Pointed bristles gathered clean,
A dented plate with smears reminding.

My breath is held, the night is high,
My eyes behold a baobab standing.

Approaching Tunnel

His brown face was streaked
with white light.
His generous features resigned,
ungiving, absorbed the pale spears
and portrayed a floor for the
bleaching rays.

Head slightly tilted, a helmet of
tight curls taking the shock of
the sliding passage.
The trees chase each other,
houses compete at a vivid pace.

"Ticket, please," a bowed blue cap
barred the background in motion.
"This face has no similarity to yours."

"That face belonged to me, before today."
His hooded glare indifferently observed
the racing fern trees.
The underground swallowed the white rays
together with the speeding train.

A Myth No More

Money minded minds
manoeuvre media,
managing misery myth,
mowing milky meadows
making millions more,

Moulding mechanical men,
mutating maize miles,
making millions more.

Mother earth moans
her maimed mangrove,
mammals meekly mumble.

Mingle, mighty mites,
merge and multiply,
make mornings matter,
may murmuring
mount Meru, mark
future millenniums,
A myth no more.

Sounds

Sounds, sounds, sounds.
Sharp, piercing, low, grave,
musky, throbbing sensations.
Nostalgic yet ethereal,
vibrating sounds.
Catapulting the soul, boomeranging
emotions senseless.
Hail! Mind, unique interpreter,
sole executioner.
Muteness overpowers my faculties.
My mind is unchained,
maimed by the exquisite,
melodious choreography of sounds.

Impossible Blues

The realization of "the end."
The emerging final page,
binds emotions in primary shades,

Reds, yellows and impossible blues.
It's with a small sigh that I finalize
this page, nostalgia will be revisited,

Through mango peals and lemon crescents,
stormy nights when heavy rain
joyfully hammers frail silver roofs.

Warm, melancholic in essence?
A solitary safari reaching its horizon
at the rising break of dawn.